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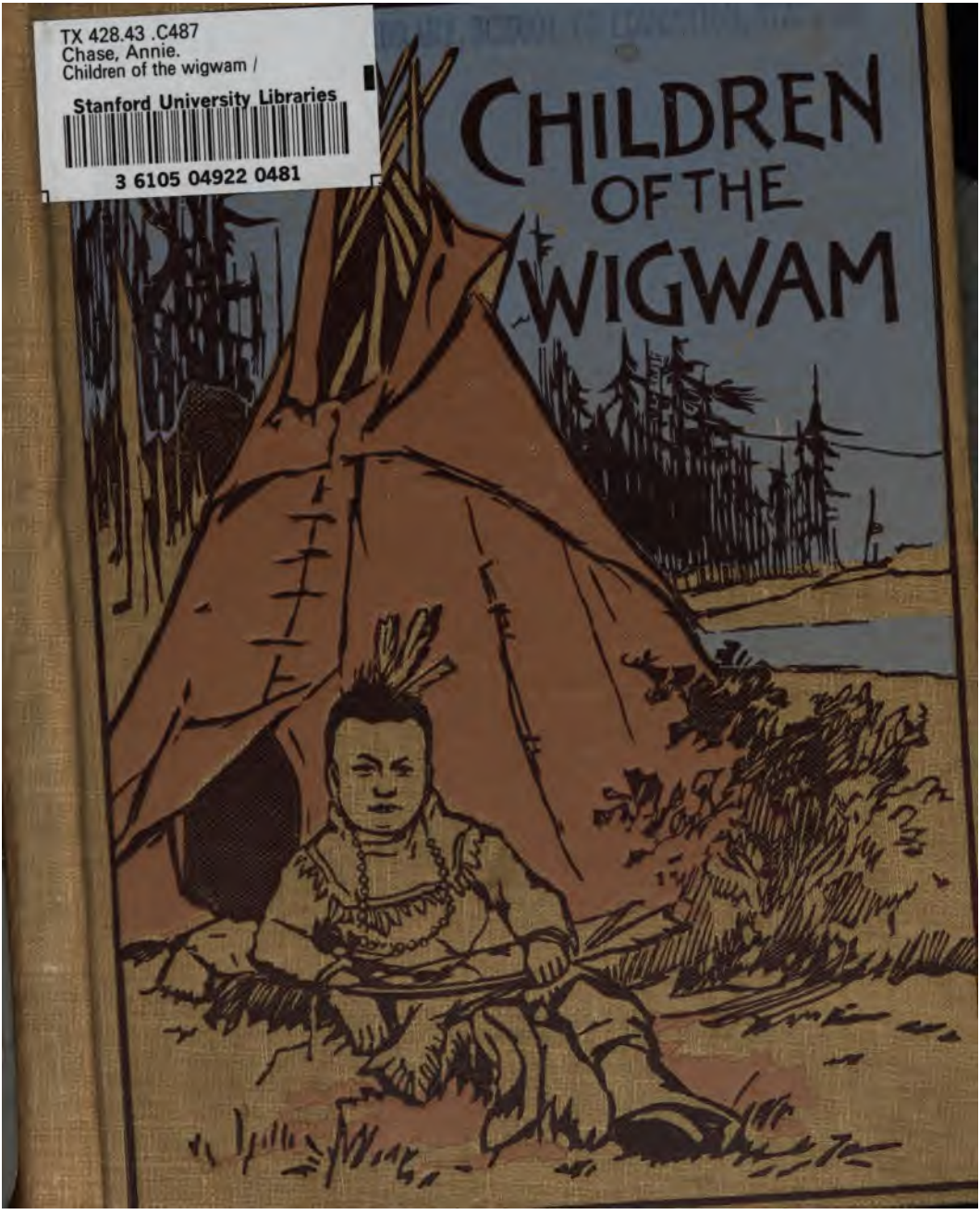

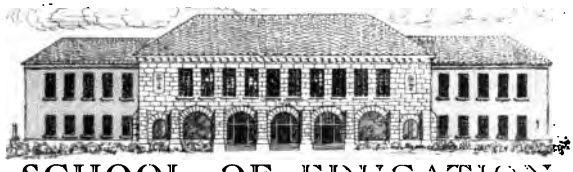

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CHILDREN

OF THE

WIGWAM

BY

ANNIE CHASE

Author of "Stories from Animal Land," etc.

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C

PREFACE.

This little story was woven from threads of facts with the hope of arousing among the young people some slight appreciation of the original nature of the Indian and some interest in his home life and habits.

For customs, habits, manners, etc., we are indebted to H. R. Schoolcraft.

A. C.

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CHILDREN OF THE WIGWAM.

The children of this story were all born in a queer tent made of deerskin. This tent their papa called a wigwam. There were no chairs in the wigwam, but there were plenty of skins before the fire, and each one of the family had his or her own seat, which no one else could use.

How the fire did smoke! No wonder the new papoose on the bed of furs choked and

THE GARDEN WHERE HIS CHILDREN PLAYED.

coughed. There were three children beside Trembling Leaf, the new baby — a little girl named Black Duck, and two older boys, named Flying Fox and White Eagle.

Our whole country was a garden for these children: a garden where there were no noisy, smoky mills, nor busy crowds, nor railway trains with their clank and clatter, to make the little birds afraid.

The children floated in the bark canoes of their father, or ran to the hills for foxberries, or waded in the pools, or gathered flowers that they might deck themselves.

They scrambled up the mountain slopes to peep at the wide, wide garden which lay beyond. They wondered at all the loveliness, and leaped about with joy at living in so fair a spot.

And the waterfalls, near by, leaped and laughed, too; never lisping a sorrowful note. Both boys and girls played at ball and flew kites made of fish skin. On the hillsides the mother of these children hoed the corn with a queer hoe made of clam shells.

"Tell us," cried these children to her, "is there anywhere a garden fairer than ours, and is the Happy Hunting Ground our fathers tell us of wider than these plains?"

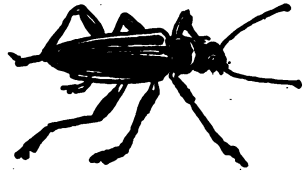
And the mother, looking away toward the sunset, answered, "Yes, my children," and told them a story.

After the story the children followed the mother through the gathering darkness, to their wigwam, and as they walked, they sang in such clear voices you would have thought the tones were made on some musical instrument. Here is their song:

"Wah-Wah-tay-see!
Wah-Wah-tay-see!
E mow e shin
Tishe bwau ne baun — e wee!
Be eghaun — be eghaun — ewee!
Wah-Wah-tay-see!
Wah-Wah-tay-see!
Was sa koon ain je gun,
Was sa koon ain je gun."

which means:

"Firefly, firefly! bright little thing,
Light me to bed and my song I will sing;
Give me your light as you fly o'er my head,
That I may merrily go to my bed.
Give me your light o'er the grass as you creep,
That I may joyfully go to my sleep.
Come, little firefly, come, little beast,
Come and I'll make you to-morrow a feast.
Come, little candle that flies as I sing,
Bright little fairy-bug — night's little king;
Come, and I'll dance as you guide me along:
Come, and I'll pay you, bright bug, with a song."



HE FOUND A SHINING WHITE CANOE.

The Story.

There was once a brave, handsome warrior whose bride died on her marriage day. She was buried, and joy and peace left the warrior's heart forever. He wandered among the deep wood, calling her name; he shouted it over the lake, just to hear the echoes repeat it; he looked everywhere for a path which would take him to the land of spirits, that he might be with her.

Night after night the moon found him weeping where they had laid her.

When a child he had been told that the

Bright Land lay to the southward. At length he found a path which led him to a warm, sunny land. An old man carring a staff and wearing a long robe came to meet him.

"I have looked long for you," said the old man. "Your loved one passed by many days ago."

Then the old man showed him a wide-stretching blue plain beyond, saying, "Yonder is the land of spirits; leave your body here, with your bows and arrows, and I will care for them all."

The young warrior did as he was bidden. He travelled for half a day with a strange, gliding motion; then he came to the banks of a wide lake, in the centre of which was a large and beautiful island.

He found a shining white canoe and paddles hard by the shore.

He stepped into the canoe and took the paddles in his hands. O joy! there was his beautiful one in another boat. The two boats were soon side by side, and the two spirits rowed on, glad in each other's company.

The waves rose in great foamy walls all about them, but left their boats unharmed. Many spirits were sinking in the waves, but these two passed safely on.

There were some canoes filled with little children, which the waves scarcely rocked.

At length the shore was reached. The two leaped out on the happy island. The very air seemed food. The fields and flowers were more wonderful than anything they had ever dreamed. There were no chilling winds, no tempests; no one was mourning. There were no hunting and killing of helpless animals, and no warriors.

Sweet music floated everywhere — from the streams, the trees, the flowers, the birds; and spirits were wandering blissfully among them all.

One great Spirit saw that all the others on the island were properly warmed and fed. He shed the joy of his smiles everywhere.

But at last this great Spirit said sorrowfully to the warrior, "You must now go back to earth and stay out your time. I will send a messenger with you. He will tell you what to do. Heed his voice always, and you shall come back to dwell forever with her whom you love."

The warrior bowed his head and wept. Soon he fell into a deep sleep, and awoke to find himself among the woods of his old lonely home.

"Now," said the mother to her boys, when

the story was told, "you must not leap with joy; it is not warrior like.

"If the streams and the sky and the mountain heights give you joy, never show it; if you love your friends, never show it; no matter how much you would like to weep at pain, or loss, or suffering, never do so. Be like your fathers and always wear faces stern and hard to read.

"Even if one wrongs you and you are very angry, never let him see your anger, but let no chance slip to avenge yourself."

Were not these strange teachings for these children in the beautiful garden?

But the mother believed them to be the best of teachings. She had been taught these same things in her youth, and knew no better. To become a stern warrior and carry scalps in his belt, to take no heed of pain, nor cruelty, nor blood-shed, was the hope and aim of every boy.

A BEAR AMONG THE BABIES.

A BEAR AMONG THE BABIES.

When the baby Trembling Leaf was a few weeks old, she was strapped to a board and carried about on the back of her mamma.

Sometimes, when Mamma was very busy, Trembling Leaf was hung upon a tree, looking for all the world like a great cocoon. There she would hang, chuckling, cooing, and blinking at the other babies hanging near, while the sunbeams played hide and seek with her; and the leaves overhead, the birds, bees and brooks sang her lullabies.

One day, while she and some other babies were hanging very quietly, a great bear came stalking into the woods.

"Sniff! sniff! I smell flesh and blood!" said the bear.

Every babe in the grove opened its eyes wide at sight of him. Then, oh, what a cry they all set up! All the warriors were away hunting, but the squaws, the babies' mammas, came crashing through the underbush.

When they saw the bear, each one snatched her own baby from the tree, and sped away with it through the thick bushes. The bear rushed after them. When they reached the camp, Trembling Leaf's mamma managed to shoot an arrow into Bruin's ear. With a grunt and snort he turned and hurried away, and the babies were safe.

Your baby at home would cry very hard at being strapped up to a board all day long, do you not think so? But these poor little babies had to bear it every day, and without a cry; partly that they might learn to be brave and

bear suffering, and partly that their mammas might know they were not falling into the fire or the stream, nor wandering too far from her.

But these dark-skinned mammas loved their little ones. The hard cradle board was made as soft as possible with buck skins, and scented with sweet barks and grasses. It was trimmed with pretty bead work and plaited reeds.

Mamma sang a lullaby to her baby, too, whenever she could spare the time.

"Swinging, swinging,
Lullaby:
Sleep, little daughter, sleep.
'Tis your mother watching by,
Swinging, swinging she will keep;
Little daughter,
Lullaby."

When baby Trembling Leaf was two years old, she was allowed to run about with her brothers and sisters. Then her education began, and what do you think she studied?

MAMMA CAUGHT THE LOBSTERS WITH HER HANDS.

WHAT THE CHILDREN STUDIED.

When little Trembling Leaf and Black Duck, the girls, were four and five years old, they followed mamma about all day long. They watched her hoe the corn, with a queer hoe made of a clam shell, until not a weed was left. They watched her gather the corn when it was ripe, and lay it in the sun to dry.

"Where next will the corn be carried?" said

little Trembling Leaf, when the yellow ears were quite dry.

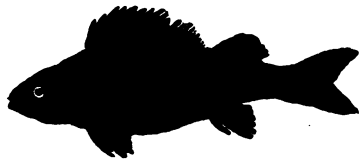
"To the great hole yonder," said mamma, pointing to a deep opening in the ground covered with bark from the trees. "Come, you may help me carry it."

Then wee Trembling Leaf and little Black Duck, only four and five years of age, gathered up the bunches of the corn ears, and, slinging them over their shoulders as mamma did, trudged away, through sunshine and shadow to the storing place.

What an odd picture the little girls made in their short petticoats of deer skin, their dark hair bound closely down with strips of plaited grasses, their little shoulders bent with the weight of the corn!

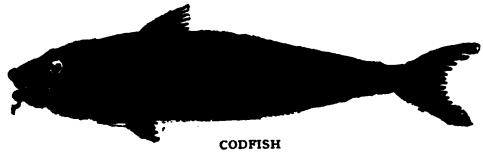
Now and then they rested under the sighing pines, drank from the brook, and plucked the

bright wild flowers on its banks. Often these two little girls followed mamma away out to where the great blue ocean roared and sparkled and leaped in the sunshine.



BASS

At these times mamma was after lobsters, which papa used for baiting his hook whenever he fished for bass or codfish. Mamma caught these lobsters with her hands, often diving into water over her head to pull them out from under the rocks.



CODFISH

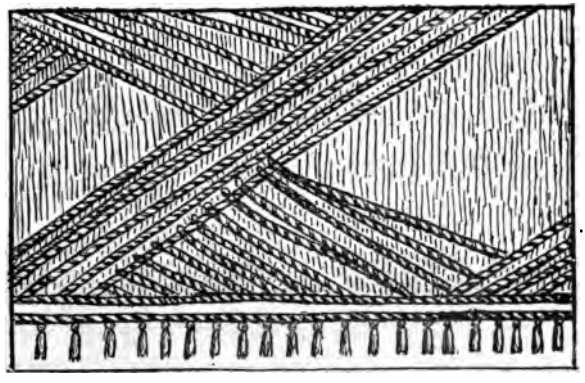
The little girls felt very much like crying when mamma had dived out of sight. Sometimes, too, the winds were piercing cold, or the sun scorching hot; but these babes shut their lips hard, swallowed their sobs,

and checked their tears. They must learn to be brave if they would be worthy sisters and wives of the great warriors their boy playmates were expected to become.

At other times they went into the thick forests to gather wood for the fire in their wigwam home. They trudged down to the shore of the stream where papa had left his fish in the bottom of the canoe for mamma to bring home. They helped mamma scrape the fish and lay it upon the coals to cook, and stood quietly by while she dished it out to papa. For, you see, the women and children in this family had to wait for papa to have his fill before they were allowed to eat. Think of your papa eating nearly all the "goodies" some Thanksgiving day, and leaving only a few poor scraps for you and mamma. You would pout and cry, I think, but these

little folks looked quietly on and said not a word.

Sometimes this Indian mamma cut cod fishes into long strips and dried them in the sun, — the children helping, with not a thought of play.



MAT

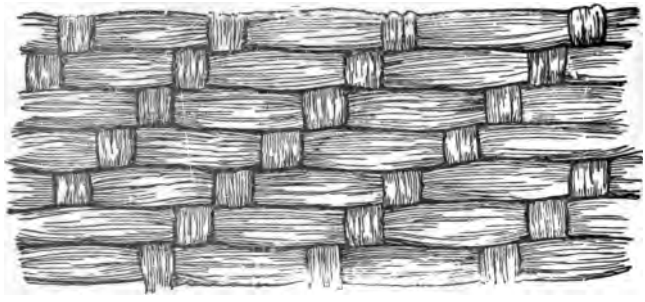
Then they built a fire near the fish so that the smoke might keep away the flies.

Often, in summer weather, these little girls toiled all day long, gathering the long flags

which grew in the meadows and making them into mats for the wigwam, or into baskets in which to carry their berries and fruits.

And all these were their lessons or tasks.

When Trembling Leaf and Black Duck were twelve and thirteen years old, they each began a coat of turkey feathers for their brothers. Mamma was at work upon one, too; and while they all wove, mamma told the little girls this story.



BASKET MAKING

THE STORY.

A very hungry lynx met a hare in the woods one winter's day. A rock was between them — a high, large rock, half snow covered. The lynx began to speak.

"Wabose! wabose!" said he. "Come here, my little white one, I wish to speak with you."

"Oh, no!" said the hare, "I am afraid of you; and my mother told me never to go and talk with strangers."

"You are pretty," said the lynx; "please come down and see me. I am a relative of yours."

The foolish hare was so pleased to be called pretty that she jumped down from the rock, and the lynx sprang upon her and ate her up.

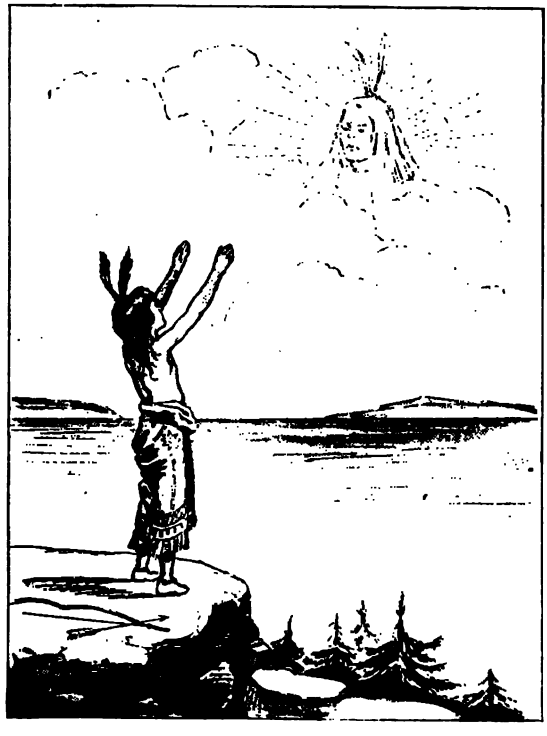
WHAT THE BOYS DID.

White Eagle and Flying Fox, the two brothers of these busy little girls, were never troubled with work.

Day after day they ran wild in the forests, climbed nimbly as squirrels the highest trees, swam in the streams and lakes, chased each other, jumped high hedges and brambles, or wrestled with each other in the clearing. At times they practiced shooting with bows and arrows.

But a day came, all too soon, when White Eagle and Flying Fox must keep their first fast. The wind blew up from the sea with keen, cold breath. White Eagle and Flying Fox must each take his stand upon a high, bleak hill which overlooked the sea, and there,

smeared all over with white clay, watch until the sun was down. With a firm step, White



Eagle went proudly up the slope, but Flying Fox looked dark and sullen as he hurried away. Once at the top of the hill, White

Eagle began to beg of the Great Spirit that he might become a great man and a bold warrior.

Hour after hour he chanted his prayer, while the great pines below him roared as with anger at the rude winds. The birds hid

themselves in sheltered nooks. White Eagle's limbs grew stiff with cold and he was very hungry, but not once did he dare to think of going home before sunset.

Once a great wolf peered at him from

behind a rock, and a bear growled in the thicket.

Brave little White Eagle never once ceased his prayers, and, at nightfall, crept home to find Flying Fox warming his cold fingers over the smoking logs.

Now that their fasts had begun, the boys were sent often to repeat their watches. There had never been a warrior, really great and brave, who had not endured these fasts.

At last, when the boys were fifteen and sixteen years of age, they were sent to watch and fast for five whole days instead of one. One day White Eagle, worn out with hunger and watching, fell fast asleep. He dreamed that a great white bird alighted beside him near a pool of water. No sooner did White Eagle awake than he set out in search of a white bird. He found it at last — a white owl —

staring helplessly at the daylight. The owl was quickly shot with White Eagle's arrow, and its skin was made into a pouch by little sister Trembling Leaf.

This pouch White Eagle wore fastened around his neck for good luck, firmly believing that with it he would have great strength in battle and tender care in death.

But let White Eagle and Flying Fox do what they would, they were never punished. Mamma and papa both thought it unwise and improper to whip one who might at some time become a great warrior.

White Eagle's cousin was whipped one day, and so angry was the mother of the budding warrior that she left her husband's lodge never to return.

PLUM CAKE AFTER THE FAST.

White Eagle was very hungry, for he had just fasted five long days. Now, to whine about his hunger, or to hasten to eat, would disgrace an Indian lad just about to become a warrior, so he sat silently before the wigwam fire, while Trembling Leaf and Black Duck cooked the food.

They broiled some deer's meat in the coals, and roasted some nice potatoes in the hot ashes. Black Duck made a cake of ground corn and sweetened it with the juice of the sugar maple. For plums she used chestnuts and dried berries.

When it came out steaming from the pile of hot rocks which she used for an oven, White Eagle had hard work to keep from crying out with joy.

But the thought of how the chief had praised him only a few hours ago made him sit by as calmly as he would have done had he but just eaten a dozen such cakes, and was not one bit hungry.

At last his meal was ready, and he could sit cross-legged before the fire and eat as much as he pleased.

Little Black Duck knew her brother liked the cake, though he gave her no word of thanks. I wish you could see the dishes which Trembling Leaf used. There was one dish made of the skull of a buffalo and used for gravy. There was a sharp knife made of stone, and another made of shell. A cockle

shell served for a spoon, and a gourd for a water jug.

After the cake was eaten, White Eagle fell to work at his tomahawk which he was fashioning out of a piece of rock; he had already made for himself a bow, and spears and arrow heads from hard stone. The bow string was made from the sinews of a deer, which White Eagle had himself shot.

Now he must have a canoe of his own.

So the next day Flying Fox and White Eagle set to work. The little girls helped the boys bring wood and chips to make a fire around a large birch tree. How they did work to keep the fire going until the tree was ready to fall! Crash! Crash! the great tree is down at last; Flying Fox and White Eagle strip off the bark.

When the trunk is quite naked, they hollow

out a part of the log by burning, and by the use of their stone knives, until, at last, they have a fine canoe.

Some of the neighbors of White Eagle's

family made canoes of the bark, but White Eagle thought the solid log better. It took several days to make the canoe, but White Eagle promised the girls a row down the rapids as soon as it was finished, and he kept his word.

FLYING FOX IS CURED.

What can ail Flying Fox? He is sullen all day long; he catches no fish with his bone hook; he kills no bird or beast with his arrow; nor can he snare a single rabbit in his bent birch trap.

He has made himself no weapons; he sits idle all day long. Flying Fox's mamma and

papa think he must be bewitched; so they take him to a medicine man.

When Flying Fox's father had given the medicine man a fine horse for pay, he consented to cure the boy. He came out to where the child was waiting.

Flying Fox was half dead with terror, so frightful a sight was the medicine man in his strange dress and paint, and with his horrible faces.

He danced before poor, trembling Flying Fox, twisting his limbs and writhing like a serpent. Then he darted at the lad and breathed his fiery breath on him. Next he blew into Flying Fox's mouth until Flying Fox was nearly choked; then he squirted some fiery medicine into his nose and mouth, and the boy could not help shedding tears. Next he rattled some pebbles in a dry gourd close

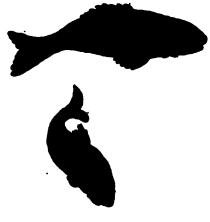
to Flying Fox's ears with such a clatter and, at the same time, making such horrid faces, that Flying Fox thought he should lose his wits altogether.

MEDICINE LODGE

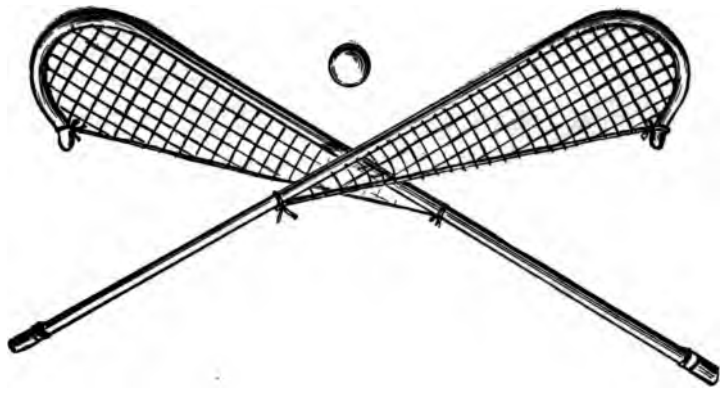
After this was all over, he left Flying Fox alone to quietly await a cure. And Flying Fox was cured — of laziness, at any rate — for a time; for that night he brought home a long

string of fish, and after supper he fell at work as fast and hard as he could upon a stone hatchet.

"He is all right now," said papa; "a great medicine man is Black Snake."



Flying Fox said nothing, but he worked away harder than ever.



A GAME OF BALL.

A game of ball to-morrow!

As Trembling Leaf, Black Duck, Flying Fox and White Eagle all fall asleep upon their beds of leaves, their last waking thoughts are of the game.

Morning comes; and with it the whole village flock to the green meadow. There were twenty men and women on the spot when Trembling Leaf, with her brothers and sisters, reached the play ground.

Each man and each woman was armed with

PLAYING BALL.

a stick, one end of which was bent into a sort of loop. Across this loop a net was stretched to hold the ball; not so very unlike the net of a tennis racquet, only it hung loosely.

Some men in gorgeous paint paced off a long space upon the ground and drove down two long stakes. These stakes were goals for the two parties. The party which first carries the ball to the stake wins the game. The commanders of the game are very swift footed. Around these commanders the players, in feathers and paint, stand chattering and laughing.

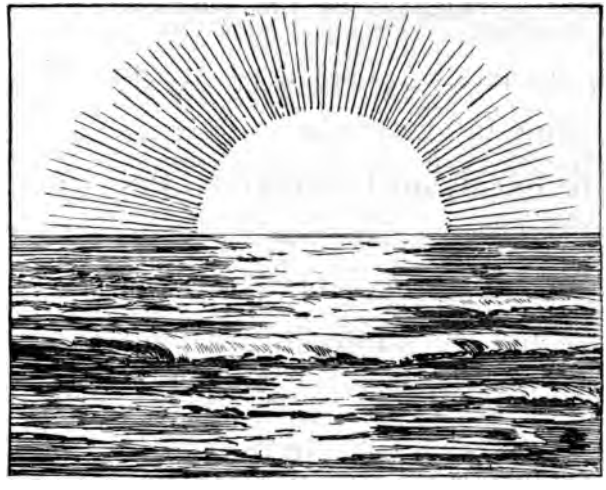
Now the chief gives the signal, the ball is tossed among the crowd of players, and the fun begins. Such a shouting as there is! One Indian youth sends the ball high into the air. Before it can touch the ground, another has caught it and sent it nearer one of the

goals. The clubs swing and roll from side to side; the players run and shout and tumble over each other. Some are bruised and bleeding, but they take no heed.

"Ha! ha! yah!" "A ne gook!" sounds from all sides.

The game is won, and the winners walk up for the prizes; these are moccasins, leggins, and bright paint.

White Eagle is not angry because he is beaten in a game, nor because he has a bleeding nose. To complain would at once mark him as a coward; so he shouts and laughs with the winners.



WIGWAM OF GREAT SPIRIT

THE GREAT SPIRIT.

One day, while the children were quite young, Shin-ga-ba, an old warrior, called them to him and bade them seat themselves upon the grass beside him.

"My children," he said, "there is a Great Good Spirit and a Bad Spirit. The Sun is the wigwam of the Great Spirit. There is a god of war, a god of hunting, and a god of the

fowls of the air. The skies are full of gods; they shine in every star.

"The forests are full of gods; they whisper in every leaf. The lakes and streams, the rocky cliffs, the clefts in the mountains are their homes, and the waterfalls are their playthings. Thousands of the forest spirits hide themselves in flowers, sing in the insects, and dance on the sunbeams. Then there is the god of Medicine. From him the Indian learns the uses of the roots and herbs along the forest paths.

"And now, my children, after I tell you a story, you must fast four days, for summer is the time for children's fasting."

THE STORY.

"You see the cave yonder near the rivulet," said Shin-ga-ba, pointing with his knife, which always made Trembling Leaf shudder, for there were blood stains upon it.

"One summer, long ago, a maiden hid there to fast. Her people, fearing she was lost, lighted their birch torches, and hunted through the forest, but the maiden was nowhere to be found.

"The next day they searched again in woodland and hollow and on the river's shore.

"'Shah-won-o-equa!' (Lady of the South) they called, but there was no answer.

AN ANGEL WARRIOR STOOD BEFORE HER.

"The next day they thought they heard her voice down among those rocks yonder; at night they saw her standing on a high peak and gazing at the sinking sun. The next morning they found her in the cave wrapped in robes of fur.

"'Come to the wigwam,' said the girl's mother. But the maiden shook her head; 'I must fast,' she said, 'if I would be useful to my tribe.' So they left her.

"The waves lulled her to sleep; while she slept, lo! an angel warrior stood before her.

"'What will you have?' said the warrior. 'The furs from the wood, the plumes of rare birds, the animals of the forest, or a knowledge of roots and herbs?'

"'I want not furs' answered the maiden, nor plumes, nor animals. I want a knowledge of herbs and roots, that I may relieve suffering.

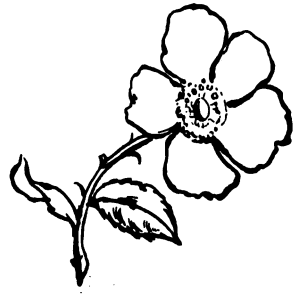
I love the lilies and the roses; teach me the power they have to heal.'

"'Wait for the knowledge; it will soon come,' said the warrior. Then he departed.

"So the maiden fasted and waited another day, while the robins, scarlet birds, and blue jays sang and hopped about her head.

"The next day she returned to the wigwam prepared to heal and comfort her tribe, for the knowledge she wished for had come.

"Go now and fast," said Shin-ga-ba, "and look to it that you never speak lightly of the Great Spirit."



Another Story.

"Tell us another story, Shin-ga-ba," cried the children one day after their fasting was over.

"Long ago," said Shin-ga-ba, "when Ke-sha-mon-e-doo made the red men, he made them to be happy. Larger than others, too, he made them, fleeter of foot, and more skilled in games.

"The forests were full of game. The trees were loaded with fruit. The birds all wore white plumage. The fish in the waters were large, and Kepha-Monedoo, watching from heaven the blaze of the wigwam fires, saw them countless as the stars.

"Visitors from heaven came down often in those glad days. All these visitors said: 'Climb not the vine out there, O red man!

—the vine that reaches from earth to heaven—for it is the ladder of the gods.'

One young brave was so sad because he had been wronged that a god took him up to heaven by way of the wonderful vine.

"'My child! come back!' cried the boy's grandmother. But he could not come, and that night the grandmother began herself to ascend the vine, sobbing as she went. Alas! she had disobeyed the Great Spirit.

"She had just reached the top of the vine, which was fastened around a star, when the vine broke and she fell to the earth.

"News of her terrible fall spread from village to village. And many of the people became ill. Some had pains in the head, while others had them in the back; some could no longer walk, and a number fell asleep never to awaken.

"Then every one began to cry to the Great Spirit to come and help them.

"Soon the visitors from heaven returned, and gathering all the flowers which grew on the earth, dried them. When they were quite dry, the spirits blew the ashes over all the land, and lo! wherever a bit fell, there an herb grew up for the cure of disease.

"The spirits spoke these words and departed: 'There is not a flower that buds, however small, that is not for some wise purpose. There is not a blade of grass, however tiny, that the Indian does not need. Now

work out your own good and please the Great Spirit.'

"After this the red man worshipped medicine and was not a little comforted, though his old, deep joy never quite returned."

A GRAND FEAST.

Beside the stream in the grove is a young birch-tree, strangely bended around. It is a rabbit-snare, which a tiny Indian boy is watching with bright, expectant eyes, his little dusky hands carefully parting the blue-berry bushes.

This wee hunter is Shooting Star, Trembling Leaf's new little brother, now grown to be four years old.

Can he wait for the great day to come when he will find some thoughtless rabbit hung there?

Shooting Star has no thought of pity for the little creatures, for he has been taught not to mind pain; he looks with envy at the

lads who have snared them, and longs to do likewise. The lucky day comes at last.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouts Shooting Star in Indian lauguage, his little bare feet crushing the ferns as he runs pell mell toward his wigwam home. A rabbit dangles from his hand; the child's eyes are now like real shooting stars; his heart beats wild and fast.

"Aha! brave papoose!" says papa, catching him up, rabbit and all; "now for a feast!" Such joy and pride as there was in Shooting Star's stout little heart!

The next day several of the grave old warriors came in their finest paint to help eat the rabbit soup.

Each guest brought his own dishes. The feast was spread near the birch, which still hung its head as though ashamed of the deed which had made Shooting Star so proud and happy.

There came also all of Shooting Star's playmates, with such airs as become heroes; for had they not snared rabbits and had feasts like this long months ago? There, too, were Shooting Star's sisters, looking their best.

When all, young and old, were seated, a tall warrior stood up and made a speech to the little folks.

Indian speeches did not differ so very much from some speeches that are made to little white girls and boys.

Oh-nau-wa, speaking to brave little Shooting

Star, said: "Be always brave, be true to your race, and walk always silently and sternly when in pain or distress.

"Fear and love the Great Spirit, the giver of life, the giver of the meats and fruits, the giver of every blossom and blade of grain." Then Oh-nau-wa asked all the little people if they would follow these teachings. The little listeners, and they were quiet listeners, too, even if the soup was getting cold, shouted "haa," which means "yes."

Then Oh-nau-wa thanked the Great Spirit for the food, and the feast commenced. The rabbit had been very small, but every one had a sip of the soup, and every one praised the four-year-old hunter with what seemed to be a great deal of grunting and head shaking. But there was plenty of other things to eat. There were sweet yellow corn cakes, roasted

corn on the ears, and new potatoes, which Shooting Star's mamma had raised herself on the sunny knoll near the wigwam.

There were strips of dried deer's meat, three great ducks and some partridges from the forest, and, to crown all, a great cake sweetened with maple sap and stuffed with berries. Such a chattering as there was among the little people.

By and by, the sober old chiefs brought out their pipes, the little people played games of romps or shooting with bow and arrow, and the young men and maidens played a funny game with plum stones.

Shooting Star remembered this feast long years after, when he had grown to be a real warrior and hunter.

PAPA BUILT A FIRE.

A DEER HUNT.

"When the night is dark and the wind quiet, Shooting Star shall go with me to catch a deer," said papa. Little Shooting Star was wild with delight; he proudly gathered up his bows and arrows as though he expected to shoot a dozen deer that very day.

Papa and Shooting Star went next day into the forest where the tall, strong cedar trees made a deep, dark shade.

Papa cut down one of the largest with his hatchet. He then sat down astride it, peeling off the bark whole for a length of five or six feet. Then he turned the bark inside out,

slung it over his shoulder, and the two trudged back to their wigwam, their light tread making little or no noise among the sticks and broken twigs.

Next, papa wet the bark with a sort of paint made from charcoal until the smooth side was quite black.

This he fitted on the front of his light canoe in such a way as to hide himself and Shooting Star from sight.

Next, papa peeled off strips of birch bark and twisted them into rolls two or three feet long. These he placed on the canoe a little in front of the bark screen. Then they waited.

Would night ever come, and would the clouds be heavy enough to hide the moon's light? Shooting Star counted the hours.

The darkness came on at last, quite dense enough for a deer hunt.

"Shooting Star must not speak or move," said papa, when they were seated in the canoe.

Shooting Star promised. The birch torches were lighted, and the canoe floated silently down the stream. Shooting Star tried to see the trees that he knew bent over the streams, but the flaring torches and the darkness made it impossible.

They floated very near the bank, for they knew that the stupid deer would come down to the edge of the water to gaze at the strange light, and their plan was then to shoot him from behind the screen. They drifted on a long time, hearing nothing but the dip of their paddle. Shooting Star grew very stiff and tired, but he made no complaint.

By and by there was a hard sound as of hoofs on the bank, and a quick rustle in the

underbrush. Papa drew in the paddle and waited. Shooting Star scarcely breathed.

A large deer came down to the river side and stared with great, startled eyes at the torch. Shooting Star almost cried out with excite-

ment. He drew up his toy bow and arrow, but papa's stern grip on his arm made him lower it and sit very still.

Twang! A cruel arrow from papa's bow had plunged itself into the stag's throat.

The poor animal plunges straight into the water, still drawn by the glaring torch and unable to see anything else. In a short time his blood is staining the waters of the river. Papa is dragging him upon land, and Shooting Star is shouting joyfully, with not a single pang of sorrow in his savage little bosom for the beautiful dead creature.

He can only think of the fine meat he will have to eat, and the show the antlers will make in the wigwam.

You and I would be ashamed of so hard a heart. Not so Shooting Star; he had been taught that the killing of a deer sheds great glory on a hunter's name; and was not he, Shooting Star, learning how such daring deeds are done?

Papa now built a fire, for they were a long way from home; and they lay down to sleep beside the dead deer.

Shooting Star thought the deer's eyes looked wildly at him once or twice. "Suppose the wolves should come and eat us, deer and all," thought he.

But the wolves were somewhat afraid of papa's bright fire, and, although they bayed in the distance, they dared not come very near.

The next day, when they reached home with their prize, Shooting Star only said, though he was bursting with pride and importance, "Go bring us corn bread, for we are hungry."

THE SUGAR MAKING.

"The snow on the hillside is quite gone," said mamma, "although there are yet drifts in the groves, and the streams are beginning their spring journey. Come, children, I know the sap has started in the maple trees."

Away fly the dusky children, with buckets made of bark, through the forest to the maple groves, their shouts sounding loud enough to send the shy squirrels darting to the highest boughs.

First, hollow tubes of wood are thrust into the tree trunks and the buckets set under them.

Then Mamma cuts down a slender beech tree for wood with which to make a fire.

She piles the boughs under a long pole laid across two crotched sticks. On the long pole she hangs some of the bark buckets by their tough willow handles, and lights her fire under them.

Will the buckets by the trees ever fill? There are only a few drops oozing from the end of the tube above Trembling Leaf's bucket.

"We must wait," says mamma; "bring me more wood."

The girls bring wood, mamma cuts it into lengths, while the boys all rush away for squirrels and rabbits.

Flying Fox found a squirrel's nest, and stole every one of Mr. Chipmunk's nuts that he had saved so carefully for the spring days.

Poor little squirrel! he must go hungry now after all his hard work, and greedy Flying Fox was not at all hungry.

But as there was no kind-hearted white boy near to tell him better, Flying Fox only cracked and ate the nuts.

It was nearly noon when mamma called the children. There were the buckets half filled. Such a scramble as there was!

The buckets were soon emptied into those hanging over the fire; then the fun began.

Flying Fox would taste before the sap was even warm, declaring it was time for the candy to be done. Black Duck tasted after it was too hot.

Little Shooting Star had a bit poured out upon a snow drift, where he lay and lapped it up like a large kitten.

More squaws came to keep mamma com-

pany, and every one ate, whether they worked or played.

The candy was put into queer little boxes of birch bark, which mamma and the children had made in the long winter days by the wigwam fire. "Mokuks," these children called the boxes. The mokuks were covered over with porcupine quills, put on in flower shapes, and were very pretty.

Each child had one, and could have it filled as many times as he liked.

"I wish candy time stayed all the year with us," said little Shooting Star, when the sun had set and they were making their way home.

THE ECHO.

The children were shouting one day just to hear the echo's answer, when Shin-ga-ba seated himself upon a rock and told them the story of the Echo.

Turtle Dove was a gentle squaw who had a pretty babe. The day was warm and Turtle Dove had toiled long in the valley with the babe upon her back. Growing weary, she lay the babe in the shade of a sage bush, bidding the babe's sister, Summer Yellow Bird, take care of him.

No sooner was the mother out of sight than an old witch came along, and, bending over the babe, said:

"This is your brother, Yellow Bird."

"It is my sister," answered Yellow Bird; for

she had heard that witches would not carry away girl babies.

"You are telling me a lie," said the witch.

At that, Summer Yellow Bird was so frightened she could not speak or move.

The witch took the babe and pulled one of his legs till it was as long as that of a grown man; then she pulled the other; next, she pulled his arms until he looked like a grown warrior.

The witch then carried the babe to her home and married him.

But although he looked large and strong, he still had the heart of a babe; so he cried sometimes for food.

When Turtle Dove returned to the sage bush, long and loud were her cries of sorrow.

She went at once to her brother, who was named The Eagle.

"I will help you; we will find him," said The Eagle.

Now The Eagle knew that witches were often hungry; so he placed some rabbit's meat in a tree close by the witch's home and, hiding himself in another tree, waited.

Soon he heard a babe crying for food. In a few moments the old witch came in sight, leading the tall baby.

The Eagle ran down and seized the big babe, although he could hardly believe him to be Turtle Dove's little one, so much like a grown man did he look. However, The Eagle placed the big baby under the sage bush, when lo! he changed into the same beautiful creature which he had been before the theft.

So angry was the witch that she hid in the woods, and when anyone called, "Where are

you, old witch? Where are you, old witch?" she would cry in answer, "Where are you, old witch? Where are you, old witch?"

"And ever since that time," said Shin-ga-ba, witches have hidden in the hillsides and by the streams and in the mountain caves, and have given back in echoes every word spoken to them."

A WAR SONG AND HOW TO WRITE IT.

"Sing us a song, Shin-ga-ba," said Trembling Leaf, when they were all seated around the fire one evening in autumn.

"Shin-ga-ba can sing none but war songs," said the old chief, with flashing eyes, "for the enemy are giving us trouble, little ones."

"Oh, yes, sing a war song," said Black Duck.

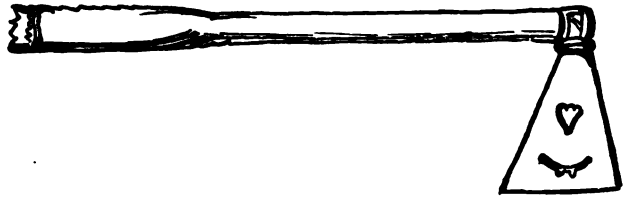
Then Shin-ga-ba sang in a harsh voice:

"I will haste to the land of the foe,
With warriors clad with the bow.
I will drink the blood of their very heart,
I will change their joy into sorrow's smart,
Their braves, their sires will I defy,
And a nation's vengeance satisfy.

WRITING A WAR SONG.

They are in their homes now happy and free,
No frowning cloud o'er the camp they see,
Yet the youngest of mine shall see the tall
Braves, scattered and wandering, fall."

White Eagle's eyes gleamed as he snatched a new tomahawk from his belt and waved it aloft.



"Can we learn to write that song?" asked Black Duck.

Then Shin-ga-ba took a sharp bit of stone and scratched the song on the big boulder beside him.

This is the way he wrote it, only without numbers:

The first figure, with the eagle plumes in the hat, is supposed to be a warrior armed and hurrying to the land of the foe.

The second, an Indian shot through the heart.

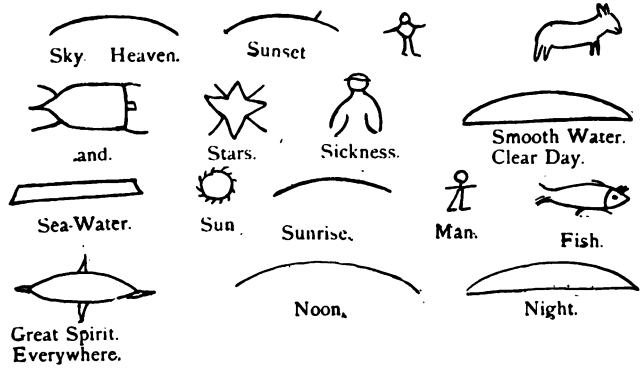
The third, the long-haired brave whom he was to defy.

The fourth and fifth, tents in peaceful times; the smoke of the home fires rising from the opening in the tops.

The sixth, an empty, deserted tent, which was Shin-ga-ba's way of writing death.

You will see from this that Trembling Leaf, Shooting Star, and the others did not have to learn to read letters and words, but pictures.

Here is a part of their language as they wrote it:



Trembling Leaf taught little Shooting Star how to write such pictures with a bit of sharp stone upon a large rock in the pasture.

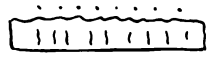
But Shooting Star liked hunting rabbits much better.

THE CHILDREN GO TO MEETING.

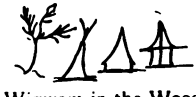
"Come with me," said an old chief one bright autumn morning, as he peered through the bushes and shook a beckoning finger.

Young and old followed him, and there on a rock was written this queer invitation:

Medicine House



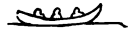
Great Lodge.



Wigwam in the Woods.

Lake.

River.



Canoe.

Come.

Great Spirit.

It was a proud moment for little Trembling Leaf, though she trembled very much when the old chief thrust her forward and told her to read it.

After a moment's study, Trembling Leaf read:

"Hark to the words of the Great Medicine Man. The Great Medicine Lodge will be ready in eight days."

(Trembling Leaf knew the number of days by the number of dots above the picture of the medicine lodge.)

"Ye who live in the woods, and near lakes, and by the rivers, come with your canoes and worship the Great Spirit."

When Trembling Leaf had read this through twice, so all could hear, the party broke up and went home to their breakfasts.

The old chief cut a notch in a stick for each day as it went by, so that all should know when the eight days had passed.

For this was an invitation to go to meeting, and no one thought of leaving it unheeded.

For two whole days before the worship, Trembling Leaf, Black Duck, Shooting Star, White Eagle and Flying Fox were painted in their brightest colors.

Every one, young and old, had to endure this to be fit for the "medicine lodge," as they called their church.

For three days and nights they could hear in the distance the steady beat, beat of the drum in the medicine lodge.

At last the great day came.

The children, all dressed in their best skins and feathers, trudged away over the hills with a touch of the same pleasure you have in your new spring dress and hat.

The medicine lodge was a large tent made in this way: Long poles were placed in the ground, which came almost together at the top. Over these poles skins were stretched.

Inside, in the centre of the lodge, was a pole called the meeting pole.

The people who had been to meeting before came together around this pole. White Eagle, Flying Fox, Black Duck and the others stayed near the opening of the tent.

The chief medicine man, taking some powder in his hand, took up his place at one end of the lodge and sang a song. When he had sung it all through, he crossed to the other end of the lodge and sang the song again.

An Indian who wished to be forgiven something stood before the chief medicine man. When the song was ended for the second time, the chief aimed a blow at the waiting, repentant Indian.

The Indian fell to the ground. The chief then sang again and made a mark on the Indian's bosom.

WAMPUM

Then all, young and old, knelt down, and another Indian came toward the repentant one and opened a belt of wampum, from which he took the shells. This wampum was made of wood and shells cut into small pieces and strung like beads. It was used as money, or worn as an ornament, or fastened upon a belt.

The ceremony seemed very strange to our young people; they were glad to get out once more into the sunshine.

"I wonder," said Little Trembling Leaf in her thoughtful way, "why we must kneel in the dark lodge to please the Great Spirit? He made the flowers and the brooks, the old chief says; why can we not talk to him here?"

No one answered; but the trees waved their arms and sighed so loudly that Trembling Leaf looked up among the branches to see if the Great Spirit had not come to meet them.

BACK FROM THE HUNT.

LEARNING TO HUNT.

White Eagle is now a large, strong lad, almost old enough to wear the three-cornered blanket which all Indians wear when they are considered men.

Now it is that he learns about all the animals.

He finds out their homes, learns what each animal likes to eat, and when he comes out to eat it.

This is a necessary study for White Eagle, because he will be more likely to shoot his game by knowing just when and where to seek it.

White Eagle is very anxious to be a great hunter and warrior; so he tramps through the forest day after day, eating nothing but a few

berries or wild grapes. When he gets very faint and hungry, he tightens the belt around his waist and goes stealthily on through the forest.

There is not a footprint among the leaves, nor a broken twig which White Eagle does not see and account for. There is not a bird's note, nor squirrel's chatter, no rustle of fleeing feet, nor frightened wings, which White Eagle does not hear.

And White Eagle shoots with his keen arrow every mink and rabbit and squirrel, every grouse and partridge, that crosses his path, and at the end of the day goes home with long strings of game around his neck.

He has no pity for the tender, timid young birds and animals, no sorrow that the forest has lost them, no admiring eye for all the beauties of lake and river, sky and woodland; only a fierce sort of eagerness burning in his heart.

He looks down at the poor dead birds with the blood spots on their pretty breasts and thinks, "Ah! one day shall White Eagle bring home as many scalps as now he brings ruffed grouse."

He thinks often of the Great Spirit, but only that He may bring White Eagle many deer and scalps.

White Eagle grew darker and finer in his looks, and firmer in his tread, with every passing day.

His sisters kept apart from him, thinking of him as of a great chief.

COMMANDING THE RAIN TO FALL.

THE RAIN MAKERS.

The corn on the uplands is curled and withered. The wind has dried the stream till it is no wider than the tail of Shooting Star's arrow.

The little flowers shrink and shrivel in the sun's hot rays.

There is mourning in the lodge where our children live. All day long the women cry to the chiefs to bring rain, rain, rain, and the crafty old chief says, "Wait, wait, wait," knowing, of course, that so long as he delays so

much the more likely is the rain to come at the time set for it.

But at last the chiefs can not bear the wailing of the women any longer.

"The sun is dying. We shall die too when the cold comes if there is no corn," they cry over and over again.

Now the chiefs select about seventeen beautiful young warriors. White Eagle is one of these.

All the people of the tribe for miles around come to the medicine lodge, where the young warriors are to work to bring rain.

One by one the young braves are to stand upon the top of the medicine lodge, and there command the heavens till rain shall fall.

Wah-kee takes his stand first upon the lodge.

All day long he stood there, counting his

ampum beads, looking up at the sky and own upon the crowd of eager faces.

All day long the medicine men, inside the odge, prayed that the Great Spirit would heed Wah-kee.

Sunset comes; no rain has fallen; the corn s fast dying.

Wah-kee is disgraced forever; he will never nake a medicine man; he comes down and creeps out of sight, for, since he cannot move he heavens to tears, he will be counted no better than the animals.

Next morning Ou-pah took his stand. He carried a beautiful shield and lance; his head was covered with the skin and feathers of the raven.

He took his place proudly. He brandished nis lance, he cried to the sky in thunder tones, he hurled his lance at the sun and caught it again with a grand flourish.

Now and then he spoke to the people below him as though he was sure that rain would come now that he, the great one, had bidden it.

And the crowd cheered as crowds will, watching all the time for a cloud.

But the day passed, and no cloud came. The sun went down so red that White Eagle thought it must be blushing at Ou-pah's disgrace. And Oupah followed Wah-kee into the wood and was seen no more.

"Suppose they all fail and it comes my turn," thought White Eagle. "Suppose I fail."

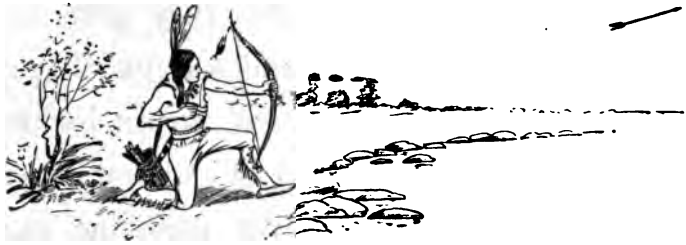
War-rah-pee came next in order.

He stepped proudly to the top of the lodge. He wore leggins and a tunic made from the skin of the mountain sheep, and held himself very erect.

How he did shout!

Hark! the woods answer with echoes. The mountains glow, the hills pant with heat.

War-rah-pee shoots an arrow high into the air, then another and another. Rain will come, says War-rah-pee, rain will come before sunset. Noon came with fiercer heat than ever.



Still War-rah-pee shot arrows into the cloudless sky and shouted:

"Come out of the heavens, ye clouds; come, creep up from the sea; come here! come here! Pour out water upon our corn on the hillsides and in the thirsty valleys."

Look! there really is a cloud away off to the southward. War-rah-pee swells with importance. He certainly is a great medicine man.

The cloud creeps on; the wind comes up;

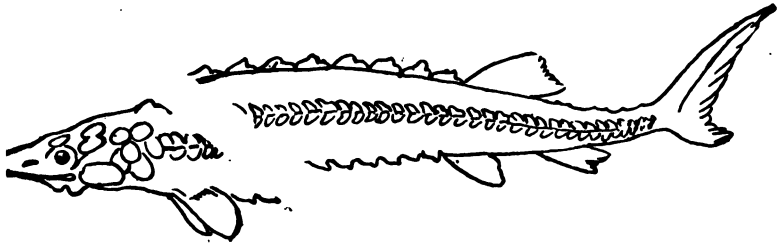
there is a rush and patter among the forest leaves. The rain has come!

All the people fall on War-rah-pee's neck; they crown him with honors; they give him rich presents of rare skins and wampum.

And War-rah-pee swells and struts, looking as though he made the world and all that is in it.

He will be always a great medicine man now; but, to tell you a secret, he will never try to bring rain again for fear he will fail and so lose these honors.

White Eagle is half relieved and half disappointed; "I would like to have tried," he thinks, "but"—



LEARNING TO FISH.

Flying Fox is still a little lazy sometimes; and not so anxious as he was. I am glad to say he is not so anxious as he was. Forest White Eagle to kill every thing the sees or holds.

But Flying Fox does like to fish. One morning he and little Shooting Star went out to fish in the canoe that White Eagle and Flying Fox had made.

Flying Fox carried a long spear, and Shooting Star, now six years old, was to row the boat. They chose the early morning, because at that time the fish are lying close in shore among the leaves and rushes on the bank.

"Row gently and speak not a word," said

Flying Fox to Shooting Star, "and if you sneeze, you shall never come fishing with me again."

Then Flying Fox stood up in the end of the canoe, holding up his long spear and all ready to snatch the first sleepy fish he should chance upon.

The boat glided along with scarcely a sound. Shooting Star used only one oar — the one farthest from the bank — that he might not scare away the fish.

Down goes the spear, and in another second a great shiny fish is floundering in the bottom of the canoe. Another and another is speared, until there are as many as the boys can carry.

Flying Fox knew, too, how to catch sturgeon in the rapid stream. He showed little Shooting Star how to drive down poles in the river from bank to bank. "When the fish

come down the river," said Flying Fox, "they will be stopped by these poles."

Sure enough, in an hour or two there were hundreds of large fish beating themselves against the poles. Flying Fox then stood upon the tops of two of these stakes, and with a long hook jerked up ever so many sturgeons.

"Oh, let me try!" said Shooting Star. It was very hard work to keep one's balance on the ends of the small driven stakes, but Shooting Star was very calm and brave.

"Ugh!" said Flying Fox, when Shooting Star was perched above the rushing water, "big fish may catch you."

Flying Fox had no sooner said this than Shooting Star plunged head foremost into the stream.

But our little Indian hero only laughed, for

he could swim nicely; and, after all, being in the water was not half as bad as standing dizzy above it.

He swam to the bank; then, thinking of the fish, plunged in once more after them.

He had almost caught in his hand a fish which was trying hard to get by a stake, when a terrible cry rang through the wood.

Shooting Star was on shore in an instant; he shook himself dry much as your dog does, and crashed pell-mell after Flying Fox through the thick underbrush.

They could hear the noise of hoofs crashing through the dead leaves and twigs.

The boys reached the camp only to find the wigwams empty. A woman came out as the children came up.

She beckoned silently and the two boys hurried after her. "Is there to be a real war

at last?" whispered Shooting Star. When they were behind the great boulder to which the woman led them, they saw all the old chiefs armed and horribly painted; but it was not an enemy coming upon them, it was only a party of their own young braves who had been sent out as scouts.

So Flying Fox and Shooting Star tried to hide the fact that they had been afraid.

But how silent and stern the old chiefs looked, and how they were painted, and how quiet all the young people were!

What could be going to happen?

THE WAR DANCE.

The horsemen rode up.

There was White Eagle, looking very bold indeed among the other warriors. There were many of the large party whom neither Flying Fox nor Shooting Star had ever seen. Not a word was spoken.

One of the older warriors who had just arrived stood up with a huge war club in his hand.

The club was very red with paint, and looked as though thirsting for blood. The warrior who held it was painted, too, with red.

Two other chiefs stood near with drum and rattle.

Soon the chief with the club began to sing.

Louder and louder swelled the notes. The chief stamped upon the ground. He swung the club, made horrible faces, and sang as though he expected to make the very clouds hear and obey him.

All his listeners were still as death, but their dark eyes flashed, and their hands crept to their tomahawks.

These are the words of the strange song:

"Hear my voice, ye warlike birds,
I prepare a feast for you to fatten on.
I see you cross the enemy's lines.
Like you I shall go.
I wish the swiftness of your wings,
I wish the vengeance of your claws.
I muster my friends,
I follow your flight.
Ho, ye young men that are warriors,
Look with wrath on the battle field."

Then the warrior began to dance in a circle.

Every warrior, young and old, leaped to his feet.

Each one armed himself, began to sing a song, and followed after the first warrior. White Eagle was foremost among these, but Flying Fox could not join, as he had never yet worn the three-cornered blanket.

Every few moments the dancers would stop short and utter a horrible war cry. Now and then they stamped their feet upon the ground and made motions as of killing and scalping an enemy.

Trembling Leaf turned quite pale with fear, but Flying Fox and Shooting Star danced and leaped about in a circle all their own.

Within the wood an enemy was crouching and watching with death in his eye.

White Eagle had leaped and shouted and stamped with the warriors until a fierce hate

and anger toward enemies he had never seen almost took away his reason. Sometimes as he danced he could almost feel the enemy beneath his feet and their reeking scalps in his hand. Now it was his turn to sing, and he screamed these words:

"But who are my foes? They shall die. They shall fly o'er the plain like a fox. They shall shake like a leaf in the storm." The fire growing low just then and very red, lighted White Eagle's young form with a color like the red of human blood.

Twang! an arrow speeds from the high rock out there in the shadow and White Eagle falls dead.

"Why will they mourn and shriek so for him?" chirped a sleepy bird in a tree near by. "Why do they wring their hands and tear their hair because of that red spot on his

breast? I have seen him carry home hundreds of birds with just such stains upon them, and no one wept.

"And see them rush into the thicket as though to tear the marksman limb from limb.

They praised the lad when he shot the plovers yesterday and the deer a week ago.

"He must bleed and die." Then the tired little bird fell asleep, for it was near morning.

The next morning poor White Eagle was dressed in his best skins and moccasins, and wrapped in a new blanket; his face was painted red, some feathers were put upon his head, and he was put into a red painted box. His new gun and war club were placed beside him.

He was then laid where every one could look upon him beneath a great oak hard by the wigwam of his birth.

Old and young gathered about him, and an old chief stood up to speak. He spoke a few words to them all; then speaking to White Eagle as though his soul could hear, he said: "You are gone to that land where our fore-

fathers are gone; you have finished your journey before us. But we shall soon follow to hunt together on the Happy Hunting Ground."

Shooting Star could not think his brother would never speak to him again; he stayed close by while they placed White Eagle in a trench that had been dug beneath a tall willow and built a high mound of earth and stones above him.

"Is that the way to get to the wide garden where the deer are so plenty?" asked Shooting Star.

And Flying Fox sobbed, "Yes."

"I'd rather stay here," said Shooting Star, "even if I never shoot a deer."

All the mourners had been smeared with some black paint, which Shooting Star found very hard to rub off when the mourning time *was over.*

"Why," said he, looking at himself in the clear brook," why must I be made to look ugly because White Eagle is gone to the Happy Hunting Ground?"

There was no one to answer, but a little bird perched himself upon the top of White Eagle's mound and sang as if his heart would burst.

NOTE.— Some tribes raise a scaffold and lay their dead upon it.

MORE ABOUT FLYING FOX.

Now that White Eagle is gone, the father looks anxiously at Flying Fox, as he says:

"My Flying Fox must become a great warrior and slay my first-born's murderer." Then he calls Flying Fox to him. "My son, my son," says the father, "you must take a hundred scalps; spare no one."

And Flying Fox, looking off toward the west, thought the clouds blood-drenched, they were so crimson.

"When morning comes," thought Flying

Fox, "I will try my hand at shooting an Indian. I saw a strange one lurking near the stream. If I can bring home his scalp, perhaps my father will cease to mourn."

But shooting the Indian did not prove to be a very easy matter; so he and Shooting Star contented themselves with shooting fish.

The two boys would sit very still upon the sunny bank until two or three fishes swam quite near; then they would shoot at them with their arrows.

They both shot a large number; for fish were very plenty in the days when Flying Fox and Shooting Star lived — a long time before Columbus began to dream of a round world.

When they were tired of sport, they found a place in the stream where the water was quite shallow.

Across the stream, from bank to bank, they laid two lines of stones.

The two lines came to within three or four feet of each other in the centre of the stream.

In front of this opening, under the water, they made a little platform of poles. Then they sat down to rest and wait. The water, pent up by the two lines of rocks, rushed to the space left open, and fell with a roar upon the platform. Down fell the fishes with the water; they were left upon the platform, and the water went angrily on its way.

The boys picked up as many of the fish as they cared for and started slowly home.

"Will White Eagle catch fish?" asked Shooting Star, as he lifted his heavy load upon his shoulder.

"Many and many," said Flying Fox, "and large ones — as large as a deer."

"Oh! o-o-o!" said Shooting Star.

"When he used to hunt he was proud if he shot one deer in a moon's time; now he can shoot a hundred in one passing of the sun."

"Oh! o-o-o!" said Shooting Star. "That must be a fine hunting ground; but I do not want to go there until I am old like chief Huga and too feeble to hold a war club."

WINTER SPORTS.

Winter came on early; the snow covered White Eagle's mound, froze the little brook, and hid the homes of the muskrats.

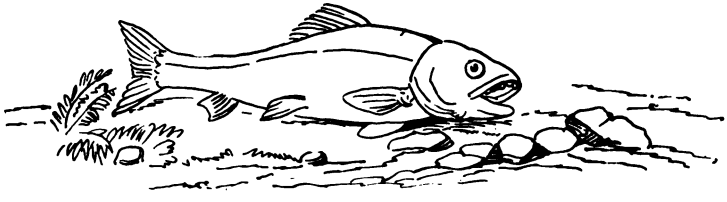
The warriors were off most of the time now, for there was a terrible war going on.

Flying Fox and Shooting Star must hunt for their breakfast now or do without one.

They went out upon the lake, swept with some branches of pine a place clear of snow,

and cut a round hole in the ice with their hatchets; then Flying Fox lay down on the ice and covered his head with a blanket. He did this to keep out the glare, so that he could look far down into the deep, still water.

He placed a toy fish for bait in the water, and waited there in the cold wind for his breakfast to swim toward him.



By and by a large fish came slowly up to the toy one; he was just ready to swallow the bait when Flying Fox drove his spear through him and jerked him out.

Then Flying Fox covered his head once more and waited a long time, but no more

fishes came. The boys were becoming very cold and hungry, and Flying Fox thought it best to build a fire and cook the fish.

How good the fish did taste after it had been roasted in the fire! Shooting Star thought he would like to spear one himself, but he could not drive the spear quickly enough.

"You will learn when you are older," said Flying Fox with a wise air, that was not so very unlike that of a white boy.

"We will make sure of some fish for to-morrow's breakfast," added Flying Fox.

He cut a number of holes in the ice. Through these holes he sank a large net down into the deep waters where lived all the larger fishes.

In the morning they expected to draw the net up full of fish.

Tired and hungry, they were following a

path through the wood when, not far off, they heard a sharp snorting.

"The tree! the tree!" shouted Flying Fox to Shooting Star.

When they were well up among the branches they stopped, and there, behind a hill, was a grizzly bear.

"Oh, if we could only shoot him!" said Shooting Star.

Along came Bruin through the deep snow, snorting and sniffing the air.

When he was quite near, Flying Fox shot an arrow at him; it only grazed one ear a little, but it made Bruin terribly angry. On he came, straight toward the tree. Flying Fox fired again and again; one arrow hit the poor bear in the back, but he was far from being

killed, and the boys were growing cold and cramped.

"Let me try," said Shooting Star.

But Flying Fox only laughed, as much as to say, "*You* kill a grizzly bear when *I* cannot; how foolish!"

The bear was close under the tree now, and looking up at the boys.

Shooting Star could not wait longer; he stretched his bow and sent an arrow straight into one of Bruin's eyes. The wounded animal plunged about with pain, and was soon quite blind with blood.

"Quick, now," said Flying Fox.

Down they both leaped from the tree and, with their hatchets, killed poor old Bruin before he could see what they were about.

The pride and joy of the two boys knew no bounds. They dragged the bear home.

"See the bear we killed," said Flying Fox.

"I helped," said little Shooting Star.

"Yes," said Flying Fox, with a better spirit than some white boys would have shown, "had it not been for Shooting Star's first shot, we could never have killed him."

So Shooting Star became quite famous, and there was plenty of meat in the wigwam for many and many a day.

When the warriors came home, as they did that night, covered with blood and glory — for they had conquered — the boys were praised to their hearts' content.

How Flying Fox did wish he had fired the lucky shot; but he was too noble to pretend that he had.

After every one had feasted on bear's meat, there was a horrible dance, called the scalp dance.

The warriors, holding scalps stretched upon long poles, danced around a great fire. The scalps were hair and skin cut from the heads of the enemy.

This frightful dance lasted about all night, and Flying Fox and Shooting Star, like other boys, could not think of sleeping till the dance was over.

So it came about that they did not visit their fish net very early. When they did, they found it broken and dragged far down in the water.

But there were three large fishes still left in the tangle. They were soon dragged out and killed, and the net mended with some strips of tough hide.

THE DEAD BABY.

Shooting Star was running one morning to his rabbit traps when he thought he caught the sound of sobs.

Was it the sighing of the pines or the rush of the waterfall?

Sometimes it sounded over his head, sometimes at his feet, sometimes just ahead in the thicket. The boy ran on to where there was an opening between the trees.

There sat an Indian mother upon a clump of moss. She was bending over a boat-like cradle, which held a babe, and sobbing as though her heart would break.

Shooting Star knew by the mother's moans and sobs that the little baby was dead.

When a white mother is about to lay a little one to rest, she calls in her friends to help and to weep with her.

Not so this poor Indian woman; she wished no one to see her. After running for a while through sunshine and shadow, hugging the cradle close up to her bosom, she would drop down upon some mossy bank and lie with her arms thrown around the babe and cradle, sobbing and moaning all the time.

The little birds in the thicket sang their sweetest; the leaves rustled out their choicest secrets; the wind sank to a whisper to soothe the mother's sorrow; but all to no purpose.

Now the mother ran on again to where a river flowed through a sunny meadow.

There, among the tall sedges she knelt, and with many cries and moans set the precious cradle with its beloved burden upon the water.

How kind the stream was! It rocked the cradle ever so gently; the wind held its breath; the sun shaded his face with a cloud, that it might not kiss the cold little face too fiercely; and some kind rushes and lily pads held the cradle, lest it should float too far from the mother on the shore.

Shooting Star took care that the mother should not see him, but he could not help watching her. After a while he went away, leaving her alone with her grief.

All day long she knelt and watched over her darling, now and then stretching out her arms toward it.

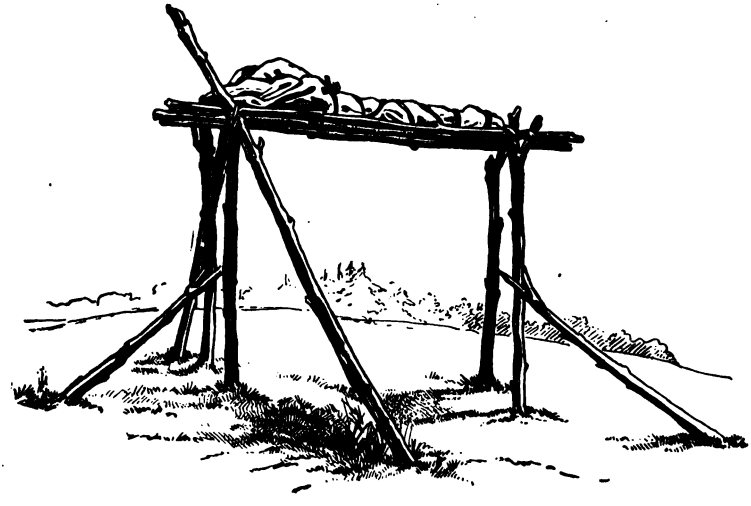
Where the current of the river was stronger, she would dart along the bank to follow the canoe cradle, should it start down the stream; but the rushes were strong and tall and held it fast.

When the moon came up behind the trees and shot a bright ray straight down upon the cradle, the mother's cries grew less and less sorrowful.

"Ah!" said she, as she turned away, "now will he walk up the shining path to the Hunting Grounds of the Great Spirit."

The next day Shooting Star saw her sitting quietly on the shore nearest her baby and plaiting rush mats.

"She will come here every day for many moons," said Shooting Star. "I wonder what the papoose is doing in the Happy Hunting Ground."



STRANGE FRUITS.

Our little Shooting Star was often very bold and daring. Sometimes he would creep into the camps and hunting grounds of neighboring tribes just to see what they were doing.

One day, when he had walked for miles and miles, shooting here a squirrel and there a partridge with his arrows, he came to a little stream bordered with trees and tall grasses.

What is that among the branches of that old willow?

Shooting Star stoops low among the grasses and peers at the long, dark object. Can it be some animal he had never seen? "Oh!" Shooting Star almost cries aloud, in spite of his fear of frightening the strange animal away, for there, on the other side of the stream in another tree, are three more long, dark objects.

Shooting Star watches a long time, but they do not move; he creeps nearer; there is not a sound from the strange animals. Something makes Shooting Star drop his arrows and bow and go close up to the old willows. The dark objects are queer bundles done up in the choicest skins and laid upon small platforms of poles.

"Dead bodies of warriors," whispers Shooting Star with a shudder; "what if I had shot arrows into them?"

And Shooting Star, glancing down into the stream, thinks the waves seem glad to be out of the shadows the "bundles" throw upon them, and into the sunshine again. And he hurries away, too, never once looking back, and almost fearing the running stream may bring the shadows of the horrible "bundles" close beside him.

LEGEND OF A HOLLOW TREE.

Hard by the lodge where these children lived was a hollow tree, near which no amount of wampum could tempt any one of them after nightfall.

It was a queer old gnarled oak, whose heart had long since rotted out, leaving a deep, dark hole in its centre; and in this darkness a spirit was believed to dwell.

Sometimes, when the wind blew, there would

come up from the dark depths strange sighs and moanings.

Now, Shooting Star's father and grandfather had feared this tree, though they had been as bold warriors as ever trod the warpath.

"I wonder what the spirit looks like," said Shooting Star to himself, "and what he can be sobbing about."

So the boy, pretending to himself that he was not one bit afraid, made up his mind to watch for a whole day, and perhaps stay in the evening.

But his courage failed when the great tree gave a groan that sent the shivers creeping over him. He ran with all his might toward the wigwam, never stopping to look back, nor did any one laugh at him when he rushed panting into the lodge, his eyes big and his face pale with fear.

The wind made the moaning in the tree, but no Indian would have believed it.

So the birds and squirrels found a safe retreat from arrows in the old oak; for no one thought of shooting into its haunted branches nor rifling its nests.

Shooting Star's people did not often cut down a large tree; they believed a spirit dwelt in every one, and that the air would be filled with wailing as soon as the hatchet touched the heart of the wood.

A GREAT WARRIOR.

Crash!

Whoop!

Who is this rushing on to battle?

Why, it is our Shooting Star grown to be a great warrior!

He wears the eagle's feathers upon his head, which shows he has conquered a foe. He has avenged his murdered brother. He wears the bright war paint; he wears a scalp, two, three scalps, at his belt. Fire gleams in his eye; he has sung in the last war dance:

"Just vengeance my heart burned to take
On the cruel foe."
"And here on my breast have I bled.
See, see my battle scars!
Ye mountains tremble at my yell!"

Shooting Star's tribe are at war with another tribe, and Shooting Star, thinking of his dead brother, is an angry and dangerous foe.

And has not Bright Eyes, Shooting Star's own promised bride, been stolen by the same crafty tribe?

Where is she? "Hidden away in some wigwam to slave for some cowardly fox," thinks Shooting Star, as he dashes out of sight.

"Shooting Star will wear more scalps before night fall," cry his brother warriors. How the pines sigh!

FOR MY SON'S SAKE.

Who is this tied with tough thongs to a tree, with fagots heaped around him? Our Shooting Star, who has been made a prisoner.

He has seen the other prisoners die, one by one, without a cry. He looks up through the branches to the blue sky and shuts his lips hard." He will die like a hero.

Hark! there is a rustling in the underbrush.

An old man parts the low boughs and stands before his son's tormentors.

He is the old chief, Shooting Star's father.

"Spare my son!" cries the old chief. "My hairs are white, my feet are weary. I have hung many a scalp of your tribe above my wigwam. My son has not long trod the war-path; he has taken but few scalps. His heart is young, his hopes are high; let him live — let me die;" begged the old chief.

The foes are willing to do as he asks. Shooting Star is set free, and his father takes his place.

As the old chief sees the fire burning around him, he does not flinch. He is thinking that he, too, will soon be free, in the Happy Hunting ground.

A HOME CHAPTER.

Bright Eyes was watching for Shooting Star at the entrance of his lodge, for a hunter had found her and brought her home.

To-morrow Bright Eyes will be wedded to Shooting Star. There will be no ceremony. She will go to the wigwam he has made for her and fitted with shell and gourd and stone dishes, with hoes and axes for the outdoor work, and plenty of warm skins and furs for cold weather.

Flying Fox was wedded long ago to a hard-working little maiden, who does all the hoeing, sowing and reaping, cooking and making, while Flying Fox goes to his traps or smokes by the fireside. For, you see, Flying Fox was not

wholly cured of laziness by Black Snake so long ago.

Little Trembling Leaf was married soon after to a great chief. She ornamented his leggins with beads, worked his arrow sheath with quills, and trimmed his blanket with bright colors.

Black Duck's wigwam is near by. Black Duck is a very brave little mother. When food is scarce and the weather cold, she can

make a wonderful hot soup from one small bird which will feed ten or twelve people.

When there is enough for the children only, Black Duck and her husband sit quietly down and endure hunger without a word.

And food always comes sooner or later, for Black Duck trusts in the Great Spirit.

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